

Jennifer Lopez

"Birds With No Wings"

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You sober up punk
I do it high
I'm ridin' the wave in the ...(?)
Baby you turnin' me on
And when you turnin' me off
I think you better take some lessons yeah, from Diana
Ross

I'm shippin' birds with no wings
All over seas
And other people cop 'em at the hottest degrees

I keep money for bail
Because I never liked jail
And I study A-plus student at Yale

They say, "Andre Nickatina, ya emcee number seven"
Smokin' weed up in heaven
Born on 3/11

Tigas and gods
Liquor and bomb
I look to my pad like the holy kerhan

I'm shippin' birds with no wings
All over seas
I put em where they never heard raps like these

I rhyme like calico cats
And two loaded gats
Now what mothafucka think he fuckin' with that?

I be the special shishcabob on the grill with all steaks
Call me a Mack truck with no brakes
Or better yet a chef that love to bake cakes
And get into anybody in any other state

...(?) baby, take a look at what I done
We used to sex in ya basement now I'm number one
With no desire
I'm throwin' gasoline on the fire

I don't like your record store if you're not a buyer

Spin cycle

It's somethin' like a wash and dry

And I be speakin' to my P.O with a serious lie

You know the Matador

The replican, the guillotine

The money, the dope

Homie, the triple beam

Melody's soft but is heavy as weights

We got the snottiest freaks

With the sexiest face

You better poka-bang-bang

A chica-chica-chill

A tumble down the hill

Like Jack and Jill

We say spin around broke witch

Bust a ballerina

I pro blow when Mark with Marina

It's time

Tiga I was bred to grind

N' your zodiac sign

N' up in the minds

Man, the killa whale of hell

Yell, strikin' down bail

Wet you with the water

Smack you with my tail

Shit, I'm shippin' birds overseas

...(?)

The number one Pisces

Shit, it's me

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